

K. Shakspeare.



Henry the fourth.

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him downe staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway nagges?

Falst. Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat Shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrow? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let griuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stufte toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee lacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house afore ile be in these terrors and frights, so, murder I warrant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horse-son little vliant villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i th shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol. A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horse chop: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth fine of Agameimnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will tosse the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile can-
uas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

E

Boy.